Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

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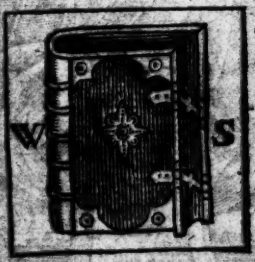
POEMS

BY

J. C.

With Additions, never before Printed.



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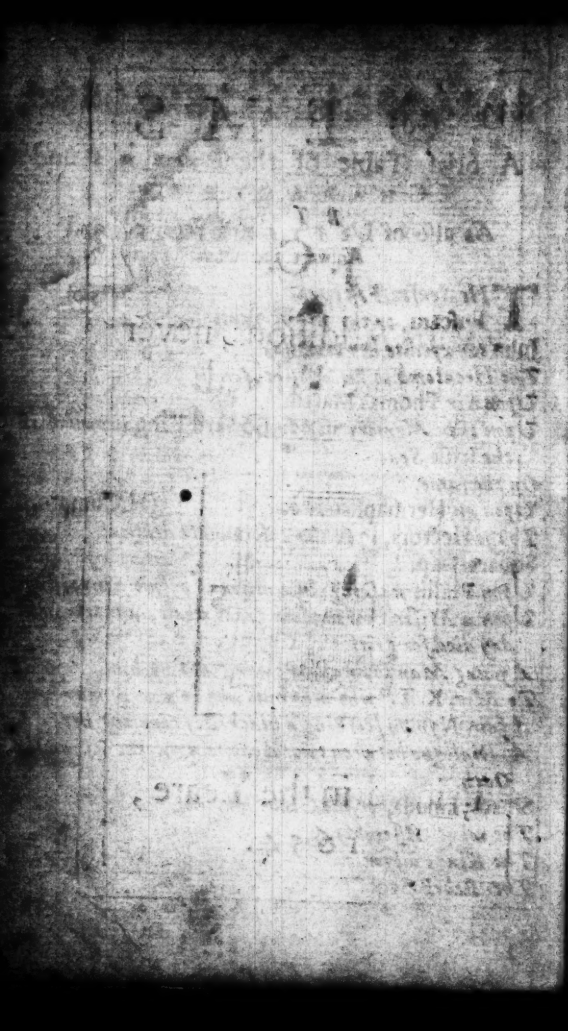

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TO THE STATE of LOVE: OR, *The Senses Festivall.*

I Saw a vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers sight*:
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear:
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with flame,
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbesse of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tan'd.
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beames their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her owne.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine armes,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
With *Drake*, I compaſſe in the World;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would thy Center take my ſence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can prais't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privie Seales to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouthes encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſſe o'th' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not dye upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the Bee Errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchimie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara*'s sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter destreins
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off:
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
Here while his canting drone pipe scan'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives.

He

He bathes in bliſſe, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
He pearches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation:
He *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the tree,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by Kettle-drums,
It was decreed that poſie gleand
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

The

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To finde her undiſcovered mines:
To th'*Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern pride,
Which when he had in vaine aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees ther's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love*?
The King of Bees now's jealous grown,
Leſt her beames ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads-men rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd
The *Bee* committed parricide.

To

To Julia to expedite her promiſe.

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve
Why this Reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowſon flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joynes,
Th'are *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'loynes,
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foynes.

To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the market failes;
Your Sex lives faſter than the males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The Sober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whil'ſt You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſſe ever ſtand
If't be not man'd?
The Siege ſo gaines upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pitty thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a cough
To help them off;
But when I woe thus old and spent,
I'le wed by Will and Testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,
The greatest honours on the aged hurl'd
Are but gay Furlowes for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me.
Is Legacie;
Not one of all those rav'nous houres
But thee devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivorie;
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claime a Herriot due.
That's the best quick thing I can finde of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe.
And those regealing christal spheares
I hold thy teares,
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the looſe wits, and let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travell by their bowels ſpun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your owne eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt againe each Panegerick line.
Reach then a ſoaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* ſtaffe to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing,
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other formes ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſignes in their ſtrange character.
As the Philoſophers to every ſence
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Poligamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmel.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contaimes a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want nose,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?
Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak,
A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
Which spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?
Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five sences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom, since all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,
Whose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse
Voides nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
And with Divines hunt with so cold a scent,
Can in her bosome finde it resident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
Say the Astrologer, who spels the stars,
In that faire Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Physiognomy.
Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Physitians: call her the *Square* circle, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fancie so as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poore *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but sacriledge.
Then rouze up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus.

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelfe.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Affrick* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare,
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fare
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.

Paire-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck*:
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie,
Mettall on mettall is ill Armoury.
And yet the knowne *Godfrey* of *Bullion*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pendantick laws
Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibians* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not teares in tune, nor doe I prize
His artificiall griefe who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep downe pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my pen's the ſpout
Where the Raine-water of mine eyes run out
In pitty of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copied out in griefes Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th'*Helleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide the ſtreames, but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpatious virtue find a grave
Within th'impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the wind to counter-mand thy death,
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep!
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder than thy ſelf was thought.

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and predeceſſors ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can paralell in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to the tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe
Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l iſſu't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to ſwell,
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Veſſell ſteer'd
With hands boit up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſigne of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both togeather:
And makes thy ſoule two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticote and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeakes but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*:
Ravell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But the other half ſo ſmall.,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb containes both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy nether beards deſpaire?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found:
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*.
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle that the warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Gallard danc'd by one,
But a mixt daunce though alone;
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, those which modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicœne;
That gamster needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Phillip* and *Mary*.

The Authors HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse than Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the maine
In one place gets, another quits againe.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two to keep her number just:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Iove in his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees;
A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertaine their fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both armes and brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th' got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talke not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Renance beare date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But

But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or breake up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes't may prove his baſtard imp:
But I'm prophane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but mine,
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſors of the Sword,
Who in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black words
Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do.
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an hole Court-Martial in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but prate out valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th'oracle of the Glaſſe;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd; that you may drink, and ſwear and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers which you teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Meer booty ſouls! Who bid us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies?
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Meer providence to heare a *Compton's* ſlain.
A name they dearly hate, and juſtly; ſhould (bloud;
They lov't 'twere worſe, their love would taint the
Bloud alwayes true, true as their ſwords and cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a grave,
And feares a Death more ſhamefull than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be sober) Is it valour? say!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as soon as done.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hipocrine* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our braines do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, borne of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barly broth;
She she's my Mistresse, her suiters are many,
But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first, for the Plush sake, the *Monmouth-cap*
Shaking his head like an empty bottle. (comes
With his new fangled oath, by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tels her that after the death of his Grannam,
He shall have God knowes what *per annum*:
But still she replied, good Sir La bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And faine would derive the pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhoos on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhee reply'd, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a chappell of eaſe of her lap,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (marry:
And faine would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milkes the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fa n would have brided.
Come leave theſe thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and ſeaſon of thee:
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-riſing.

THe ſluggiſh morn as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt,
As if ſhee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Uſher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each ſide with loyall duty,
Wave branches to encloſe her beauty.
The plants, whoſe luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whoſe wooden carkaſes are grown
To be but coffius of their own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient ſoul.
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan

O

Of whiſtling windes, like Organs, plaid,
Unto their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice,
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face.
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gawdy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue, and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
Like lattice-windowes give the ſpye
Room but to peep with halfe an eye.
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſſe?

And that they might her footsteps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, (and left her stay.
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feast, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish muse cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight she took in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the train-band of dishes usher'd there,
To shew their postures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup:

Wha

Whatever feasts be made are ſumm'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſt'nings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th'Originall.
Chriſtmas is no feaſt moveable: for lo
The ſelfe-ſame dinner was ten yeares ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer ſtay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambroſia.*
But ſtay awhile, unleſſe my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted, I'le cut off th'intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the Mutton,
When the firſt cut call's me bloud-thirſty glutton:
What *Ajax*, with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roſt,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt:
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard the abhominable ſport,
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carcaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh them in a thouſand ſhapes:
Our ſerving-men, like Spanniells range, to ſpring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyßes* like) on his own breed.
To pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th' margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Hucſters tells them o're and o're,
Th'*Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do he falls to pray'r.
As thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'ſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boyes, let trumpets ſound, and ſtrike up drums.
See how his blood doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend deeper,
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he hath ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Maſter.
A double prey at once may ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to ſave his meat.

A

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surceaſe thy ſuit;
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom feares,
Would be thought intereſt in his yeares.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about this year,
December meeting *Januveer*.
Th'Ægyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his prime:
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack;
I count that primitive imbrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornication's claſſicall.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leere, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young againe:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to weare cloathes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Alder-men, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet-ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six pennie-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen,
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vowes.
When Ætna's *fires ſhall undergo*
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th'heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sybill) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe ſimiles do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be 'ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* who askt him why *he was Dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you heare me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch their cold:

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpy
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo Divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choiſe,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kiſſ

Kiſſe once againe, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But meanes to ſpeak the reſt by ſignes.

A Faire Nymph ſcorning a Black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoak, thence may be gueſs't
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the darke Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
What ever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhould'ſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I will aske,
Buy for me a new falſe Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargaine ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiſſe.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight,
To checquer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with teares.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe teares, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Teares can no more affection win,
Than waſh the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon *the* &c. *in the OATH.*

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So ſhotten, that his ſoule like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath;

The

The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters 'oth' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I ſay to thee, *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in, *&c?*
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oathes at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſigne in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th'infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it;
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
Yet her's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abhominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip, *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th'Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeake in a familiar ſtile)
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſweare at words in large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave, *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th'eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all, *&c.*

SMECTIMNUUS; OR *the* CLUB-DIVINES.

Mectumnuus! the Goblin makes me ſtart,
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack?

Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built,
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-ſaxon Poet.
But doe the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd, would ſpread a mile;
The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their ſeas,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees.*
Thus Jack of all-trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murmival of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vaine ſatyriſts ſtand all arow;
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregnant with his brother,
Natures *Diereſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectimnuus.*
Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard.

The

The whore of *Babilon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavel-kind.*
I think *Pythagoras*'s ſoul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, ſhee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſuchoſis.*
Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joynes in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man are monoſyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee, how cloſe the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcann'd their feet;
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truſs:
The title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their ſuperſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſers, that's the cauſe
She cleft their hoof into ſo many clawes.)

May

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectimnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
As who diſdain'd to murther by retail;
Wiſhing the world had but one general neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec.*
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe lungs pay uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smectimnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a friendly ſummons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tayles together,
Moſely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether,
See, what an off-ſpring every one expects!
What ſtrange pluralities of men and ſects?
One ſayes hee'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:
Faith cry St. *George*, let them go to't and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and ſpight,
Which uſes to divorce might once unite.
But their croſſe fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride diſplai'd.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th' ſtock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down, and take your fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen-Mother* juſtifie your feares,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod; an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men-guide
With the tame wool pack Clergy by their ſide.
Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt theſe diſcolour'd mates?
A ſtrange Groteſco this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bauld crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had borne a dappled ſon,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled & ring-ſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd,
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* crowes, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of *Burgeſſe*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.
Have they uſurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Croſier are the crutches,
Which if not truſted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Criple ſtate. And wer't not pity
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit
Judge of εἰς ἄδυ and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
The Miſcelany ſatyr, and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twiſted nature,
But faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
Whoſe members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Reſurrection:
Strange ſcarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſe in ſtory
For ſinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading ſables, and the coming gules:
The flea that *Falſtaff* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhowes
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noſe,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloakes,
This ſhoulder *John-a-ſtiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jewes and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either,
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their ſtripe-ſtuff hangings ſeem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece-ſymony:

Be

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbeare good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Piercies* bloud inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance,
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may finde worke about her ſhoulder:
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelfe,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim:*
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe goe yoak'd in the ſame plough,
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*, *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity,
Water and earth make but one globe, a Round head
Is Clergy-lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelfe hath don't.

His muffled feature ſpeakes him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royall ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thoul't tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too taint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod fable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill breake the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſer doome,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Mancheſters Elves transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the ſacriledge of thine attire,
By which th'art half depos'd, thou lookſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angel of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalme of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun weares mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud:
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinkes his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies weare,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen:
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Mettal, and three pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-caſtle*-Vote
Rang *Britaines* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politique.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot:
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I,le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſinke thy Skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both doe alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraitures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark miſterious dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text Royal, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Salomon* in proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peters* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſtical.
Mount then thon Shadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charl*'s overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt,
And force faire weather from a Scottiſh miſt:
Heavens Confeſſor's are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renewes
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too?

What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pim*'s diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
But that ther's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmal note
Diſcorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocus*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch til the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then

Not

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation;
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wilde Collegiats had coſt:
The honeſt high-ſhooes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelfe doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charles* came thence.
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned halfe the Land;
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on his ſide, and on that ſide ſaint:
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his *doom*,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devill had Ubiquity.
Hence tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place, rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*;
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent s fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize
Like Leeches, thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our bloud but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not thinke to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the Head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels

Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoil?
They are the Goſpel Life-guard, but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*:
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets and the fundamental Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſters, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that heaven did foreſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their bones.

That

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shall the cheeks of Fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd againe? and that great piece of sence,
As rich in Loyalty, and Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devil sure, such language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
As this imposture found out, to besot
Th'experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*:
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful sence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
Was fit for the grand divels hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
The infamy this super-treason brings
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*,
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with this no competition.

Kings

Kings onely ſuffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th'Aſſaſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; and your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till heaven plague you worſe,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bauded, ceaſe to count you friends,
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Treaſon*.
And may their jealouſies increaſe and breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*:
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a ſummers day;
But, as a guerdon for your traiterous war,
Live cheriſh'd onely by the Northern ſtar,
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be to all but baniſht men, as loſt.

And

And such in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breſt,
But each man ſtrive through blood to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought.
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all——let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Until, when *Charls* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
HE ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelfe, and do
(What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to doe it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventurers Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times;
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the ſage Recorder
Might be a ſturgeon now, and paſſe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elſings* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another;
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the language of the dayes;
Blaſphem'd you, and then perewig'd the phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combuſtion.
I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Litterall, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all fails that will do't:
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſſe pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew ſpectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is croſſe rehears'd:
Libels are commendations when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir, your doubly free
From the great guns and ſquibbing Poetry:
Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th'artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their art, yet let their ſex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Beſſes*
Suppli'd the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes.
Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble breſt, and drunk the marrow:
For beauty like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent hypocrite deſtroyes.

Then

Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Left *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex* is it not a ſhame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſſe Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy female palat,
Than to that Aſſe did once the thiſtle ſallat:
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfœtation.
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of ſouls,
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſters growth and ſence
(Souls paramount themſelves) in man commence
But faculty of reaſons Queen, no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before;
Ingredients of his vertue thread the beads
Of *Cæſars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the Sweads:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirat is ſpan'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read
How long the world ſhall live, & when't ſhall bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature raiz'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whoſe ſtore,
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye for *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*:
Let *Iſaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
That tips their Antlets for the calf of Stace;
Let the zeal twanging noſe that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver bridge:
Yes and the goſſip ſpoon augment the ſum,
Although poor *Galeb* loſe his Chriſtendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his ſterling ſelf,
Which their ſelf-wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrupt in the ſcales with you.
As he whom in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods ſhadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious, light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him:
So 'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
And a juſt trophee to be made his ſpoil:
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conqueſts which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide lift'ning mouth from the great Peers
That ran away in triumph: ſuch a foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet, like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a channel to the Main:
His ſpirit might inform th'amphibious figure,
Yet ſtrait-lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whoſe name can out of ſeven
(Like *Falſtaffe*'s Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe no loſſe of men,
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four-leg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the ſcraps which *Lunsford* makes;
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they have ſeveral Articles in ſouſe:
Firſt that he barks againſt the ſenſe o'th' Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight,
Either to th' Lions, or the Biſhops Grate:

Nex

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th'tail;
But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt*'s *Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmels intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pym*'s from his own Letter:
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lye down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (ter
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter, quar-
I'me but an inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*,
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprive, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebel fears,
I ſee the houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'ſt 'tis nought,
What are the accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to h'm we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch,
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much:
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement.

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
To get his *Perseus*: hence the fatal power
Of shot is strangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
Thou art the greater world and that the lesse,
Scatter th'accumulative King, untrusse
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.
Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
Makes you still children; and the pond'rous curse
The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee*, *Rogue*, *how dost thou doe?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhorr'd:
Riddles lye here, and in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

EXurge Cive, tuumq; ſolum, qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium:
Nequis Wentworthi *non eſſe facundum vel Civis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cæpiſti comprehendere,
Malle & Exprimere.
Candidius meroris urna quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Poliæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, *Mercurii ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicundâ veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævóque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ turbis animoſa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic Inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Bellue (vel sic) multorum Capitum:
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem:
Monstrum narro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non funstulis Lex,
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th' brain.
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-workes hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a Pensil to expresse the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears ſurround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwels into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy* whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
There's nothing lives: life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen deaths inventory read
In the Sum total----*Canterburie's dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelfe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow blackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beames.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecie.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great ſpirits and forbear to climb,
For worth is ſinne, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On *J. W.* A. B. of *York.*

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what thinkſt of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his charms.
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of error, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſſe
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-Maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-Aprond Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpet holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion;

No:

Nor the *Welsh-Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth onely wait upon the wind:
These speake him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast;
He still retaines the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
By crying altars down to sacrifice
To private malice; where you might have seen
His Conscience holocausted to his spleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store;
Alas! thine owne son proves the forrest-boar:
And like the Dam-destroying Cuccow he,
When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,
By the warm fost'ring bounty did divide
And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th'Monster which thy self hadst hatcht:
Despair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote,
'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's head
Were chang'd from subtle gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curs'd thing is gone;
And chastise Rebels, who nought else did misse
To fill the measure of their sins, but his;

Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid*,
Who Gods Anointed, *and his* Church *betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Marke Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfetting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* weares when as she graces
Jove with imbraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christaline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto's Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl,
When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted,
Thence feare of vomiting made me retire:
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Uglier

Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th'Almanack lies,
Frost, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Currante*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I meane not to make,
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away fourty pound;
They'l now in their wives ſtammell petticotes vaper,
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none, he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor tother for ſpeeches.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe meanes like degrees comes from places of
They come to the fair, and at the firſt pluck, (people
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Countrey Parſons they doe not come up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledge to ſup,
Their bellies and table-bookes equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
How bravely the *Margaret* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd, and the ſchool-men confuted.
And ſo, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roaſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
Who, ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.
And ſo, &c.

The

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſatin, (tin,
To look with ſome judgement at him that ſpeaks lat-
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To anſwer O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting full (of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſciplin's ſlack.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford men comes,
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

WIth hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth and a noſe circumflext,
With a ſet ruffe of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents:
In Pulpit fire-workes, Which that Bomball vents;
The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Wher*
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* an
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,
That when his eares are cropt he'l count them gelt;
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A signe the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that doe thus attire'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zelous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
That tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
Thats nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of severall Parishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Court.
What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons.
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*?
Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons house* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

The

Then, what Imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *claſſick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Scheleton of late,
I heard an Echo ſupererrogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall:
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* great-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For when Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joynes,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelats *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love thats's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſſe

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone
The Widdow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and un-relenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nuune of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertues no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing love aſſails;

But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of iron,
Whom ribs of *Horor* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose embraces you'r in chaines,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuirasseer.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in;
For all the brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillary then checks
The breast workes of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality:
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the firſt Maſter of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above a hundred years old when he died.

Occaſioned by his long deferred FUNERALL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we ſo late,
With lazy ſighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-ſhower of verſe,
And teares, we thus bedew thy herſe:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Becauſe we thought thou didſt but ſleep:
Thou liv'dſt ſo long, we did not know
Whether thou couldſt now die or no:
We look'd ſtill, when thou ſhouldſt ariſe
And o'pe the caſements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd ſo long
To walk, we thought muſt ſtill go on;
Thine eares after an hundred year,
Might now plead cuſtome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend ſnow
Did dwell ſome fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did ſeem to have
The ſad reſemblance of a grave.
Wert thou e're young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'm ſure can ſay
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And doſt thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy ſtroak?

Tell

Tell me (dear ſon) why didſt thou die,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many yeares before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet?*

No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt Bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſſe* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt*,

Pretious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *coſtly Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The *ſweetneſſe* of *all Odours dwell.*
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaſter skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute die:*
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry haire
For ſweetneſſe with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſſe them dry;
Or for a towell he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curle themſelves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO-

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptreqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES——ah forbeare, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign!——hold! lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and
View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay, three Kingdomes run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell Feinds! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck't-State!

Strange Body-Politick! whoſe Members ſpread,
And, Monſter-like, ſwell bigger than their HEAD

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lie's murther'd in his Own.
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender ſtood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump ſhall Echo all
The reſt in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Chriſtendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas ſtrange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this diſmal Change.

The blow ſtruck Brittain blind, each well-ſet Limb
By diſlocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though ſhe yet live's, She live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black, ſad LOYALTY
Bluſhes and mourns to ſee bright Majeſty
Butcher'd by ſuch Aſſaſſinates; nay both
'Gainſt GOD, 'gainſt LAVV, ALLEGIANCE, and their OATH.

Farewell ſad Iſle! Farewel! thy fatal Glory
Is Summ'd, Caſt up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGIE

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by ſacred blood,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reaſons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *ſoul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſting on th'*Originall*,
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reaſon's caſt away in this *Red floud*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-flouds, which did ſome vallies waſt;
This ſtroke hath cut the only neck of land,
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand,
That covers now our world, which curſed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're-caſt with darkneſſe, and with bloud o're-run,
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th' inchanter led them to a leſſe known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill:*
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from bloud ſo ſhed;

The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.
Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries;
For *Beauty* bloudless cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black, all odours have
Ill scent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaical impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints;
But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, against his ends:
For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
Out of that body, He would still torment:
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
We easily may the world and death despise:
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his Throne;
In his His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory;
If't is our losse a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become ſo great a *King*:
So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,
Than ere mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſſe, and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick, ne're move his heart,
Which ev'n expiring, was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other griefe.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias*, had a *Jeremie*.

AN

AN ELEGIE

On { The best of Men, / The meekest of Martyrs, / CHARLES the I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud,
Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Floud,
Not shoot through her affrighted womb, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurst;
Fed by some Plague, which in blind Mists was hurld
To strew infection on the tainted World.
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to thinke on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say ſons of Tumult, ſince you thought it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not State
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off Thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that enter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urne their names too might entomb,
But when on him you fixt your fatal Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion with you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſignes to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neereſt Heaven when we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemencie?
And copie out the Deity agen,
When we diſtil our mercies upon men?
But why doe I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanitie,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcern'd than we.
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We onely died, He onely liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhroud
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of *CHARLES* the First.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain.
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds.
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Bloud* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword,

The Character of a London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an Hiſtory in *ſippets*, the Engliſh *Iliads* in a nut-ſhel; the *Apocriphal Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets; It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the younger *houſe*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobſter*. The *original ſinner* in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The Counteſs of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that lineage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, & they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old *Bedlam Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapters*, ſitteth the *Houſe of Commons*, Judging the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy*, before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *month*, with what

what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulſe of the *Body politick*, and the *Emporick Divines* of the *Aſſembly*, thoſe *ſpirituall Dragooners*, thomb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*: and thoſe grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miſcals it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it caſts the water of the *State*, ever ſince it ſtaled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his *Exorciſt*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ſtill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spaniſh Ginnet*, that is begotten by the winde.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots*, *horrible plots*, which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch firſt of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* look like a Man Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*, but *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *Playhouſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*: *Good conſcionable Intelligence!* For however *Pim*'s bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermin* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *outlying eares*, and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my *Lord* of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betraytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would doe well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*,

rogative, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac a cast of his office*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Votes*.

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative fore-head of Isaac*.

Resolved, that the *evill Counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs Brow-antlers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his workes.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmils* of their owne heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who sitter to unkennell the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*, stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Sect*, able to strangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their orders: and first as a *Whiffler*, before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a leg. and *Exit*. The *Country people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West* of *England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Bank*: his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shewes better tricks.

There was a vote passing to transplate him, with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread; but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by their Tongues.

This Cubit and half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both worke at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the

Prodigy

Prodigy of Valour, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight errantry: and becauſe every *Mountebank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazlerig* to ſet off the ſtory, theſe two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worſhiped in the ſame Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms, with another to the ſame, one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Leaſe of his body.

Firſt *Stamford* ſlew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The ſame goes of a Dutch-Headſman, that he would doe his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand upon the ſhoulders; I pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe, whom the *Diurnall* hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for he ſtalkes with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Hazlerig's* Lobſters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Teſtament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never ſo valarous, as when he is making ſpeeches

for

for the Association: which nevertheleſſe he doth ſomewhat omi-nouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come & prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too by his bloudy beak, his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kill without bloud-ſhed: for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking glaſſe would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*, then down goes *duſt* and *aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subſizer* to the *Worms*: in whom *Death*, who formerly devoured our *Anceſtors*, now chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſſe* of *Newcaſtle*. nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his *bill of fare*; but it proved a ruuning banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtle to his *Cambridg* Teem of *Committee men*, & he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) muſt be read backwards. They raſe *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledg* is intailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwel* for *Cathedrals*, as well as *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſin whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can be be hanged for *church robbery*, wch gives it ſelf the benefit of the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwels* Noſe wears the *Dominical Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *holy-day*. This, this is the man of God; ſo ſanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtyle him the *Archangel* giving battell to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them makes a ſeverall *ſpecies*, ſo every one of his *Souldiers* is a diſtinct *Church*. Had theſe beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an *Aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſigne of a *coward* to *wink*, and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals parity proceeds: it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal

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generation: for the Devill in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother Univerſity; abd (if this Scotch miſt further prevaile) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, b cauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optique nerve, Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebell who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behinde: For the Knight muſt alwaies beat the Giont: that's reſolved. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation.*

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *voyez avec Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliſeſt embleme of it that may be, For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like

the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but ſo many impoſthumated Fancies, ſo many bladders of their owne blowing.

The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *perſona in concreto* (to borrow the ſoleciſme of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devils *eſſe*: It is a well-truſs'd title, that contains both the number and the Beaſt: For a Committee-man is a Noune of Multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumulative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy, or *England* Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyne them together, and there is a harmony in diſcord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant: There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kinde of *Rebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be waved, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſſe and Pile in his countenance, as

he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country Look upon him martially and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in armes, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vultures. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera?* It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches, but the more prepostrous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reines: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentlemen are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governours Mattrosse to fit his truckle, and to new string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessements in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unlesse she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; so the poore Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Armes* is like his *Coat, partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus, and he is in the Inquisition of the purse an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting *O. dinances* not a murthered fortune in all the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body Politick, that swels it self to the consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferret-

ed for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himselfe, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth sixpence, for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even in the dryest ground; he aliens a Delinquents estate with as little remorse, as his other Holinesse giveth away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth he is the universall Tribunall: for since these times all causes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases turn oft to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the Principal. As his cõmands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctuall in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due: but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such cattell would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unlesse the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, & those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threds of charity: But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are rogues when they go single; and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musitioners. I care not much if I untwist my Committee man, and so give him the receit of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of delving

ving *Adam.* Add to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false Weights with some scruples of Conscience, & with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel.* These with a new blue-stokin'd Justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short handed Clerk, tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knapsack of his understanding, together with two or three equivocal Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the *Hogon* to the hincere Junćto. These are the simples of this pretious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter bight, a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grasse grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the signe with him is always in the clutches. There are more Monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physitians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Grist. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a human visage. Death it self cannot quit scors with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcisme to dispossess him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, & the Fiend your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imbost Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, & so the spunge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his pissing peal in the clamourous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garrison; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his com-

mons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his defect: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A Committee man is the Counterpoint, his mischief is superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the Father, beggers the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Disswading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore, and give you possession of this brest, yet I know not whether with the usuall complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest Issue, being conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdoms, *To be a stranger at home*; insomuch, as were you design'd for a second journey, it might be part of your businesse to travel other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her looks, that most of her OFspring dare not ask her blessing; her countenance is not denizen of her self, you would think her to be some floating Island, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some, who have spell'd her lineaments, say, she copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking glasse, where instead of one face, that Monarch-like, should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royall traine that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its setled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self. In this case, though

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it be a fallacy in the ſence, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoile, but by way of repriſal you tooke in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding: not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the aire, were nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phantaſy, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſayl by is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture But m'e thinks we are to grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and preſume to tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelfe were more exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtriſſe fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amarous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be tearmed *Cupids* barriers, breathing exerciſe rather than a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rayl to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe concerned in the reſcue, than the faire Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort, in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himſelfe like another *St. Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes vary with the clime; as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhoos inſtead of their hats, ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment: the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuite his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſome*-lovers called *Platonicks*,

had their first training, those queasie gamsters that diet themselves with the very notion of mingling souls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kissing of hands, and twisting of eye beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloister. It is but trifling sports for you to pull down the Outlier unlesse you leap the pale, and let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbesse used to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadnesse why a *Nunn*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek! Princes seldome treat of Matches but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater state as fixing upon one of another world; had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been christened by the name of Zeal, being setled on a person, on whom to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her person, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in generall, for fear lest with *Luther* you should marry a *Nunn*, and so with him to make her a Joincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gaine, even rust and rotrenn sse are flourished over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those beldame heresies, that did penance formerly by the doom of the Ancients but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her selfe out for a blooming Virgin. But I thinke I may spare this piece of counsell: *I* dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion That which fit'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertaine a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgie did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it availe to say you languish with-cut her compassion: A sensuall man is able to vitiate

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the veſtall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers, in the jollity of their trope, uſe to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that conſecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addreſſes? If you have no room in your Calender for perſons upon earth, yet doe not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our modorn Reformers to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this carnall ſacriledge. Catch not as *Heroſtratus* his fame, by ſerting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay, never ſtart Sir, nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelf, that theſe Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phant'ſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into Number; but I muſt beg your pardons, it being a requeſt with which to comply were to be your fellow criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and veild too, ſhe is ſet apart for the ſervice of my Miſtreſſe, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, ſhe is ſo charily confined to that ſole imployment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yeild you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a diſtick, whereas in tranſitory proſe, were I Maſter of all, thoſe Languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſufficient aſſurance that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull:

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LETERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this precise summe I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdome might owne the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act Which if so, and that hereafter we shall finde it no sinne to violate your sanctuary, and upon the audit finde the receipt, we may happily count it a lone, and not a losse, it being in hands responsable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, preser him, or send him hither, and we shall; If you dare not trust him, let him be trusted. If you dare; I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours:

W. E.

The Answer.

SIrly, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*; Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers,

it had been juſt, then the Iſraelite had ſpoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that---that--! You ſee what uſe Sir, I make of your doctrine you ſent to me, and indeed ſince you change Rule ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon it to quit ſcores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching Sir I expected to heare from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the prodigall Son, and ſuch a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you ſay that your man is entred our Ark, I am ſorry you are ſo ignorant in Scripture as to let him come ſingle, The text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to beare him company, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, a 133·0 8. ſure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſum, but why you call it the preciſe ſum, ſince it is fallen away, I underſtand not: but how come you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What yeare of the perſecution of the Saints? I wouder you did not rather count it by the ſheckls, that is the more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuary you ſpeak of. For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newarke*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loan, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with the Palſey, when you wrote of a Judge: your man however ſhall finde me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſionall meditation? Reflect but on your ſelfe, how you have uſed our common maſter, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man, he hath but tranſcribed and copied out the diſloyalty of his maſter, as his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own; I wiſh you more ſuch ſervants; and more ſuch ſums, to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

Sir

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not ſafe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake, like a mighty Coloſſe (whoſe every motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſell, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons, wholſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well-gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch; Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſimploy'd in ſecular affaires, ſuch an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother Church of *Newark*, as your party hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſoul's as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitentiall language, and humble ſtile. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addreſſe full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſſe them; though I for modeſty will not aske you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that--for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſſe, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very——How you quarrell at your good, had you miſtaken him for a tax gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at cu: Chappell of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſſe, and put it upon

upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of *Newark*: I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophanesse can compact with mudde to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side Heaven.

The Answer.

THe Philospher, that never laughed but once, when he saw an Asse mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usuall with the Saints at *Grantham*, I look upon your letter as a spittle Sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your selfe a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an egg-shell, I fear your oval crown hath scarce capacity, to contain: you disclaime being a Colosse content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the

Land?

Land? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave it's impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *preſto be gon*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope in ſtead of Inkle. But to echo your compaſſion, and return you an inventory of your good party, is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity, Is it not pitty ſuch a pious gogle ac the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, betides the cheverall lungs which ſtill ſtretch forth ſo far as a ſeventeenthly; Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocеſſe as that of Hidebery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lancepreſade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more ſoules than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſqueimiſh preterition: I am glad to heare you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn you muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers, I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons, witneſſe the Church-revenewes, and ſeverall ſacrileges that canot be pared off with your nailes; But there is another reaſon why I abſtaine from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the ſtile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to doe it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our workes, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to re-

move

move mountaines: for your advice, not to throw ſtars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſe-ſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am ſorry that I am not be with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your ſervant,

Jo: Cl.

FINIS.

A CHARACTER OF A DIURNAL-MAKER.

By *J. C.*

LONDON,
Printed in the Yeare, 1654.

CHARACTER
OF A
PHYSICIAN

THE CHARACTER OF A DIURNALL-MAKER.

A DIURNALL-MAKER is the Sub-almoner of History, Queene *Mabbs* Regiſter; one, whom by the ſame figure, that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may ſtyle an Author: It is the like over-reach of language, when every thinne tinder-cloak'd Quack muſt bee call'd a

Doctor; when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peeres, and is vamp'd a Translator, lift him a Writer and you smother *Geoffry* in swabber-slops; the very name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is swallowed up in the praise like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be seene but the giddy Feather in his Crowne. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithet, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot-rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old-wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. Hee defames a good title, as well as most of our moderne Noble-men, those Wennes of greatnesse, the Body politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. Hee hath so raw-bon'd a Being

a Being, that however you render him, hee rubbes it out, and makes raggs of the expreſſion. The ſilly Country-man (who ſeeing an Ape in a ſcarlet coat, bleſt his young worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his houſe) did not ſlander his Complement with worſe application, than hee that names this ſhred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian, is to Knight a Man-drake, 'tis to view him through a perſpective, and by that groſſe Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer, to a maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſs muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a ſieve full of Ballads and godly Beuks. He would not ſerve for the breaſt-plate of a begging Græcian. The moſt crampt *Compendium* that the age hath ſeene ſince all learning was torne into ends, out-ſtrips him by the head: I have

heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that togeather with their children, they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Off-ſpring of the Stooves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Preſſe, but it ſeemes much after that faſhion, elſe how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when thoſe weekly fragments ſhall paſſe for Hiſtory? let the poore mans box be entituled the Exchequer, and the almes-basket a Magazine. Not a worme that gnaws on the dull ſcalpe of voluminous *Hollinſhead*, but at every meale devoured more Cronicle, than his Tribe amounts to. A marginall note of *William Prinne* would ſerve for a winding ſheet for that mans works, like

like thick skinn'd fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cooke, who serv'd up the Dwarf in a Pye, (to continue the frolique) might have lapp'd up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dip't as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack wellwiller. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphleteere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, slink'd before maturity. How should hee record the issues of time, who is himselfe an Abortive? I will not say but he may pass for a Historian in *Gerbiers* Academy, hee is much of size of those knot-grasse Professors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present University's, those drye Nurses, which the providence of the

age has so fully reform'd that they are turn'd Reformados. But that's no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxime observable in these dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of History, and some yawnings, accordingly; Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chaine so thinne and light that a flea could traile it, (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tooles to cipher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack, and his slight productions.

Methinks the *Turk* should lycence Diurnalls, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnalls

nalls is a wardrobe of trippery, 'tis a juſt Idea of the Limbo of Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſh'd he had worne his copyes for ſocks, 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnalls derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the beds feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into Elves of this profeſſion? *Legion'd Pimme*, whoſe fleſh bred ſuch a world of Executors, as being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing elſe but compacted Nits, did not disband his body in more variety: To ſupply this ſmallnes they are fain to join forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the cuſtome is, in a croaking Committee; They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they write in the poſture,

ſure that the *Swedes* give firein, over one anothers heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a ſuit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Poligamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whoſe iſſue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiſs to take a particular how he is accoutred, and ſo doe by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-ey'd Mare, or the crop-fleabitten, give you the marks of the Beaſt. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap ſhould make Affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lye in ſo duly, in her white formailityes, ſure ſhee hath hard labour; for the browes have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his butter'd bongrace, that film of a dimicaſter, 'tis ſo thin and unctuous, that the Sunbeams

beams miſtake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; ſo 'tis right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade. What ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his eares; there's no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; thoſe of all Luggs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the circumciſion, than braſs boſſes for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling newtrallity is the poore ſoule that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes. His colla is wedged with a peece of peeping linnen, by which he meanes a *band*, 'tis the ſorlorne of his ſhirt, crawling out of his neck, indeed it were time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it has ſerv'd an apprentiſhip, and (as prentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the ſhavings of

of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancell'd parchment, the itch represents the broken seales. His Bootes are the Legacyes of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with it was a pretty mode of boot-hose-tops. For the rest of his habit, he is a perfect Seaman, a kinde of Intarpawlin, hee being hang'd about with his course composition, those poledames papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor; my subject smells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow, then, the word *Historian* imports a sage & solemn Author, one that curls his brow with a sullein gravity, like a Bull-neck'd Presbyter, since the

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes pennyworths of History. The Colledge-Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keepe possession, had as good evidence to shew for his title, as hee for an Historian: so if hee needes will bee a Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning, an Historian Scot. Now a Scotch-mans tongue runnes high *Fullam's*, there is a Cheat in his Ideome; for the sense ebbes from the bold expression, like the Cittizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *halfe a pinte*. In summe,

a *Diur-*

a *Diurnall-maker* is the antemark of an Hiſtorian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man or (if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberiſh) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder forth*.

FINIS.